

"_What the _hell_ are you?" Sara asked her eyes wide with fear._

Griffin was quiet for a moment before she answered, "I'm an Angel."

Griffin shuddered at the memory of the conversation that followed. She had tried to explain to Sara the sordid details of the Supernatural Realm and it had ended with Sara storming out of Griffin's house and three weeks of agonizing and awkward silence.

Griffin hit the play button on her answering machine and poured herself a cup of tea as the first of three messages played.

"_Hey, Griffin,"_ said ADA Mitchel's voice, _"Just wanted to say thanks! Without your input we never would've nailed that son of a bitch. But we got him. Well done, kid! I'll be in touch."_

"Your welcome, Counsellor," muttered Griffin as she unclipped her gun holster from her belt and placed it on the counter along with her CSI ID. As she sank wearily onto the comfy sofa, the second message began.

"_Hey, Babe,"_ said the chirpy voice of Griffin's marine boyfriend, Ace Keenan, _"I know you've been crazy busy at work, but I was thinking maybe we can go see a movie tomorrow? I'll even let you pick, even if it is some weird Sci-Fi shit. Let me know. Love you!"_

Griffin smiled, but it quickly faded. She was going to have to address this Ace issue sooner rather than later. She couldn't keep leading him on, and if Griffin was one hundred percent honest, she was starting to develop feelings for someone else. A certain dark haired, dark eyed Texan CSI.

Griffin rested her head back onto the sofa and let out an unsteady breath. Nick was still avidly trying to worm his way into Griffin's heart, even though she told him she had a boyfriend. Since Sara had found out about Griffin, the older woman had refused to work with the 18 year old South African, so lately Grissom had been pairing Nick and Griffin together more often than not.

They worked well together, it was not the easy as breathing partnership that Griffin had had with Sara, but it was pleasant. No one had managed to make Griffin laugh like Nick did, and she loved it. Yet what attracted her most was his compassionate heart. One moment, Nick could be goofing off, making Griffin laugh more than she ever had in her life, and the next he would be talking so tenderly to a victim's family that he melted her heart in an instant.

Nick was just Good. He was pure light.

And Griffin had too much darkness in her life to drag him into it. He deserved better.

Romantic love was just not in the cards for Griffin. The sooner she accepted that, the better.

Griffin wiped an errant tear from her eye as the third and final

message played.

"_Griffin,"_ said a gruff voice from the little black box. Griffin's head snapped up and she glared at the machine. Rage boiled and grew inside her as the message continued to play.

"_Please_ call me."_

The voice clicked off.

"You son of a bitch!" Griffin yelled and hurled her tea mug at the answering machine, sending it flying onto the floor and shattering along with the ceramic mug. She breathed hard for a moment as bitter anger rolled through her_ along with another memory of Sara_

"_Do you really expect me to believe all this shit?" Sara said in a husky voice that betrayed her fear and her fury. She had sprung to her feet after Griffin had tried to explain the mystery surrounding her, and the demons that had attacked Sara._

"_I know it's a lot to process-"_

"_No shit, Sherlock," spat Sara as she interrupted Griffin for about the fiftieth time that night._

"_Sara, please," begged Griffin her desperation clear in her beautiful, brown eyes, "Even though this situation is a little_ okay, a lot fucked up, can't you see that it's all in _your_ best interest?"_

Griffin blinked as yet another tear rolled down her cheek, as she was brought back to the present by a loud clap of thunder and a pelt of rain that hit the glass sliding door in her living room.

Standing up, Griffin walked over to the door and watched as the rain came down in sheets over her perfectly manicure lawn. The cold coming off the glass caused Griffin to shiver as she wrapped her arms around herself. But in truth it was more in an effort to dull the incessant ache in her chest than to ward off the cold. Griffin rested her head against the cool glass and let out a ragged, pained sigh.

She missed Sara. Missed her so much it hurt. Being banished from Sara's presence was like cutting Griffin in half. She couldn't bear it, yet she had no idea how to fix it. One small comfort Griffin could take was that she knew Sara was suffering too. Granted not as badly as Griffin, but still_ Not that Griffin wished _any_ kind of hurt on Sara. The exact opposite was true, in fact. But if Sara felt the absence of Griffin's presence even a third as much as Griffin felt the absence of Sara's, maybe there was still hope_

Thud, thud, thud.

Griffin was startled from her pit of suffering by three loud bangs on her door. Looking up, Griffin felt uncharacteristic hope that it was the object of her contemplation at the door. The balm to her raw heart. The cure to her grief infected soul.

"Sara?" Griffin called out as she rushed to the door with a hopeful smile on her face. She jogged past the shattered mug and answering

machine, past her holstered Glock that still lay discarded on her kitchen counter and wrenched the door open.

Her smile faded slowly as she beheld who stood out in the pouring rain on her doorstep.

"Griffin!" sobbed a drenched, auburn haired woman, "I didn't know where else to go!"

"Kate?" Griffin said her brain riddled with confusion that slowed her reaction. Her eyes drifted a little to the right and saw another woman hanging off of Kate, her olive complexion deathly pale.

"Oh my god! Ziva!" Griffin yelled and lurched forward to take the Israeli woman's weight from Kate's exhausted arms. That was when Griffin felt wetness seep into her clothes. At first she assumed it was merely rain water, but when she look down, she saw that her white shirt was covered in blood. The source of the blood was the side of Ziva's torso.

"Hurry," said Kate frantically as she followed Griffin inside the townhouse and kicked the door shut behind them. Griffin laid Ziva on her sofa and almost instantly the blood soaked the material.

That's not going to come out, thought Griffin errantly.

"They were right behind us," continued Kate as she placed a pillow under Ziva's head, "We don't have much time before-"

Kate was interrupted by the squeal of tires outside the house. Griffin glanced up at the cause of the noise, then stripped off her shirt and pressed it onto Ziva's wound to staunch the bleeding.

She looked up at Kate then and said in a hard voice, "What the hell have you gotten me into, Todd?"

2. Chapter 2

****Hi, Everyone,****

****This chapter was exceedingly hard to write, and even now I'm not very comfortable putting it up. I tried to explain as best I could, but if I didn't get it 100% right, please PM me with your question, and I'd be more than happy to elaborate. I have chapter 3 all lined up and ready to publish, but I'm so nervous about this one, I think I might wait a little to see what kind of a response this chapter gets.****

****Anyways, enjoy ;)****

****Xxx****

****IronAnel 240****

****CSICSICSICSICSICSICSICSICSICI****

Darkness. There had always been darkness. It had haunted Sara as long as she could remember. She had always savored the daylight hours, dreading the moment that the sun sank below the horizon and plunged

her world into darkness once more. So of course, that made the fact that she chose to work the Graveyard Shift all the more ironic. Yet, it wasn't the darkness itself that froze Sara in fear. It's what came with the darkness that rendered her practically paralyzed.

Over the years, she had managed to develop several defenses against the fear; to the point that when Grissom had offered her a place on his team, Sara was able to accept it. But lately, the darkness in her life had grown. The ghosts of her past had returned to plague her.

Familiar faces of the past had returned to tear open old wounds, leaving Sara battered, broken and bruised.

Then Griffin had shown up. Light returned. Suddenly, Sara remembered how to battle the darkness that threatened to overwhelm her soul. She remembered all her weapons on how to keep the darkness at bay. Then something extraordinary happened; the more time Sara spent in Griffin's presence, the more she learned not only to battle the darkness, but to defeat it.

Days would go by without a nightmare, and when nightmares did appear Griffin was there fighting alongside Sara to beat back the demons and ghosts.

But that was before Sara found out the dark secret the young girl was hiding. Sara realized that Griffin wasn't helping to fight back the darkness; the young girl was the cause of it.

Griffin had tried her best to explain and Sara had tried her best to understand, but the seasoned CSI just couldn't wrap her big, rational brain around it.

Griffin's pleading voice still echoed in her head as Sara recalled their conversation three weeks earlier.

"It's called a Bond," Griffin said as she sat on the coffee table with her legs crossed opposite Sara who sat on the couch, her knees drawn up to her chest and her arms wrapped tightly around them.

"A Bond?" Sara had responded warily. This conversation seemed to get crazier as the minutes rolled by.

"That's what the relationship between an Angel and a human is called. It's one of the most significant relationships there is; short of a relationship with God Himself, of course."

"Another term used to describe it is a Soul mate."

Sara shuddered again at the memory. Griffin had continued into details that Sara wasn't ready to think about yet. There was one thing, however, that had stuck with her.

"Think of it as a silver cord that's connecting my soul to yours," said Griffin as she handed Sara a glass of bourbon she had just retrieved from the kitchen. Sara had been surprised (but also a little bit impressed) to see that the eighteen year old not only had liquor in her house, but good, hard liquor. She took a sip and grimaced as the liquid burned a fiery trail down her throat. Sara looked up and saw Griffin nursing her own glass of bourbon. Griffin

had paused as she took a sip of her drink. After she swallowed she continued, "It's a connection unlike any other. Do you remember the night we met?"_

Sara did. Vividly. The moment she had looked into Griffin's dark eyes it felt like a bolt of electricity had shot through her. Something had clicked in place as the two women looked into each other's eyes. Sara closed her eyes tightly at the memory and nodded her head.

"_Thatâ€|thing you felt? That spark?" said Griffin leaning forward eagerly, "That was the first time we connected. There's a reason we work so well together, Sara. Why we instinctively know what the other wants without ever saying a word. It's the Bond that we share."_

Sara opened her eyes and searched Griffin's dark brown ones.

"_I amâ€|" Sara said haltingly, searching for the right word to describe what she was feeling, "Confused."_

Griffin sighed and rubbed the back of her neck as she took another sip of her bourbon.

"_I'm sorry," she said. Griffin reached forward as if she wanted to take Sara's hand, but then she seemed to think better of it and simply brushed her hair behind her ear and said, "This isn't easy to explain and I'm not doing a very good job either."_

Griffin was silent for a moment as Sara desperately tried to make sense of what the younger girl was trying to say.

Finally, Griffin lifted her head and Sara noticed a different light in her eyes.

"_Maybe if I can't explain it," Griffin said slowly, "Then maybe I should show you?"_

At this she held out her hand to Sara.

Little did Sara know that taking Griffin's hand would changer her life foreverâ€|

****CSICSICSICSICSICSICSICSI****

"Sara?"

Sara spun her head around at the sound of her name being whispered. There she saw Griffin, her shoulders hunched in, her arms wrapped tightly around herself, her head rested dejectedly on a glass door. Griffin whispered Sara's name again, but this time it came out as more of a whimper as a single, solitary tear rolled down her cheek.

Sara felt her chest contract and her throat close up as she beheld the brokenness of the younger woman.

I did this, Sara thought miserably as she walked closer to Griffin, wanting to lay a comforting hand on the dark haired girl's back. Her hand hovered over the black Cashmere sweater that covered the tense,

powerful trapezius muscle, but she was startled by a violent banging.

Sara and Griffin's head snapped up at the same time. Sara froze as Griffin turned around, waiting for the inevitable "What the hell are you doing in my house?".

Instead an unfocused look came into Griffin's eyes and a smile slowly pulled at her lips. Sara felt an answering smile lift the corner of her own mouth, an automatic response to seeing Griffin happy.

"Sara," said Griffin her hopeful smile spreading.

Sara felt her smile become a grin as she stepped forward, the most intense desire to embrace Griffin.

Griffin stepped forward at the same momentâ€¦

And stepped right through Sara.

Sara gasped as a bone chilling cold washed through her entire being as Griffin passed through her.

This had happened once beforeâ€¦ When Sara had taken Griffin's hand that fateful night.

_Sara's heart thudded in her chest as she slipped her cold, clammy hand into Griffin's soft, warm one. Griffin forced eye contact with Sara as she squeezed the older woman's hand slightly. For a few moments nothing happened. Sara was just starting to feel her brow crumple in confusion when Griffin started to blur in front of her eyes. _

Sara closed her eyes and shook her head trying to clear the fuzziness, but when she opened her eyes she wasn't looking at Griffin sitting on the coffee table, but she was looking down a dimly lit hall.

Sara looked around confused, and saw pictures lining the walls. She stepped closer and peered at the pictures. They depicted a handsome family, a young girl with blonde curls, a blonde man and a dark haired woman, all smiling at the camera.

Realization suddenly hit Sara. She knew where she was. Looking down the hall, Sara knew exactly what she would see; and sure enough, a blonde haired man lay in a pool of his own blood a few feet away.

_The Barrett residence. Michael Barrett and his daughter Kimmy Barrett had been brutally murdered by a past lover of Vanessa Barrett (Michael's wife and Kimmy's mother). _

It had been this night that Sara had first seen Griffin.

Cast off on the walls, _Sara thought as she made her way toward the body, _There's a void in the arterial spray so the victim was facing his attacker.

_Sara crouched down near the victim and began to assess him. Looking

down, a small part of Sara's mind noted that her shoes were too small for her normal size. Before she could contemplate this further, a voice said behind her, "Excuse me, can I help you?"_

Grissom.

Sara stood and turned around. She noted Grissom's hand fall away from his hip where his service weapon was holstered and his frown soften slightly as he repeated, "Can I help you?"

"_Dr Grissom?" Sara felt her mouth say, but instead of her usual husky voice that rasped out Grissom's familiar name, a soft, musical voice practically sang it._

Sara would recognize that voice anywhere. It was Griffin's voice. Coming from Sara's body.

What the Fuck?

That's when Sara realized somethingâ€¦ She was living Griffin's memory!

How the hell is this happening? _ Sara frantically thought as she began to panic. Sara was only residing in a small part of Griffin's consciousness, she was only able to watch the scene unfold before her, like some extremely vivid 3D movie._

Grissom had just offered Griffin a trial run on his team and Griffin had graciously thanked him before picking up her sketch pad and began sketching the crime scene.

Sara knew exactly what was coming next. She felt a tug at her chest and butterflies flutter in her stomach as her hand stopped sketching.

_Griffin/Sara cocked her head to the side as the tugging in her chest intensified. She looked up as a strawberry blonde exited the kitchen saying, "_Hey, Grissom, you were right. Killer definitely didn't go into the rest of the ... I'm sorry, who're you?"_

Before Grissom could answer, Sara and Warrick walked out of Kimmy Barrett's room carrying there silver forensic kits.

"_Catherine, Warrick, Sara, this is Griffin Bauer. She will be working with us for the duration of this case. Griffin, this is Catherine Willows, Warrick Brown, and Sara Sidle," Grissom introduced each member of his team by gesturing to them. Griffin/Sara greeted each of the team with a nod of her head and a slight smileâ€¦ Until she turned to Sara._

_Sara found it extremely disconcerting to see herself through another's eyes, _Do I really look that tired?_ She thought absentmindedly, but she couldn't dwell on it because at that moment, dark brown eyes collided with light chestnut ones._

_Sparks flew. Sara felt as if her (Griffin's?) chest had closed up. She felt as if she were choking on an emotion that seemed to wrench itself from the very pit of her being, searing through her body until it set her heart ablaze. She struggled to put a name to the emotion.

Never in her life had she felt something like this, but as the fire continued to burn and sear her, forever branding her soul, she realized what this emotion wasâ€¦|_

Love.

Pure, unadulterated Love. The kind that you only read about in Fairy Tales. There was no sexual charge to the emotion; it was more of an "I would step in front of a moving train in order to keep you safe" kind of love.

"_It's a pleasure to meet you all," said Griffin. Her eyes never leaving that of Sara's._

Sara gasped as Griffin passed through her. She shook her head trying to clear the memory; the one Griffin had shared with her through their "connection". It had scared the living shit out of Sara.

Sara knew now that it was happening again. Somehow, without realizing it, she had tapped into her connection to Griffin; she had used their Bond, and now she was seeing something that was really happening or had already happened to her supposed Guardian Angel.

Sara spun around and saw Griffin rush to the door and yanked it open.

"Griffin! I didn't know where else to go." sobbed a woman whom Sara could not see.

"Kate?" answered Griffin, confusion evident in her voice. Sara inched a few steps closer but froze when she heard Griffin yell, "Oh my god! Ziva!"

Sara watched as Griffin entered the house again, this time supporting the weight of a soaked, deathly pale Israeli woman. Following her inside was another woman who was also completely drenched. The woman could be described as beautiful, even in her disheveled state. Her wet, auburn hair framed high cheekbones, a strong nose, sensual lips, and wide, concerned hazel eyes.

"Hurry," said the woman Griffin had called Kate frantically as she followed Griffin inside the townhouse and kicked the door shut behind them. Griffin laid Ziva on her sofa and almost instantly the blood soaked the material.

Sara winced the same time Griffin did and thought sympathetically, _That's not going to come out._

"They were right behind us," continued Kate as she placed a pillow under Ziva's head, "We don't have much time before-"

Kate was interrupted by the squeal of tires outside the house. Sara's head whipped towards the door as Griffin glanced up at the cause of the noise. Sara frowned as she heard car doors slam and heavy footfalls outside the house; and then the distinctive "click" of a gun's safety being turned off.

Panic started to fill Sara. Something wasn't right.

"What the hell have you gotten me into, Todd?" she heard Griffin say

to Kate.

"There's no time to explain," hissed Kate.

Griffin nodded solemnly and gestured with her head towards Ziva who was practically unconscious, "Get her up."

Griffin then ran towards the door. She grabbed her computer table that was next to the door and with a groan she dragged it forward until she had made a make shift barricade. Sara eyed the desk skeptically. While it was sturdy, it was also completely made of glass.

That's not gonna last, winced Sara.

"It will have to do," muttered Griffin as if she could hear Sara.

Sara followed Griffin with her eyes as the latter woman ran back towards Kate, who was now hunched over with Ziva hanging off her neck. As Griffin passed the kitchen she grabbed her Glock from the counter. Just then the first loud bang echoed through the room as the trespassers rammed against the door.

All four women looked towards the door for a split second.

"Hurry," hissed Griffin as she ushered Kate and Ziva into her bedroom as another bang echoed through the room.

Once they were in she said in a low voice, "Kate, whatever happens, whatever you hear; _do not come out of this room_! Not until I come get you, okay?"

Kate nodded and Griffin closed the door.

Sara watched as Griffin took a deep breath and checked the magazine on her service weapon. Griffin then ran barefoot into the kitchen and grabbed one of her kitchen knives. She tucked the knife in her back pocket, then knelt down with her back pressed against the counter and her Glock cradled against her chest.

Griffin took a deep breath as the assailants broke down her doorâ€¦

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Sara woke with a start, drenched in sweat. She looked around her small apartment bewildered as she searched for the source that woke her up. That's when the ringing registered in her ears.

It was her cellphone.

"Sidle," she said; her voice husky from sleep and the emotion that lingered from her dream.

"_It's Grissom,"_ said Grissom's equally husky voice.

"Hi," said Sara softly.

"_Hi,"_ he responded just as softly, "_Did I wake you?"_

"Not at all," Sara said hurriedly. She cleared her voice and asked, "What's up."

"_We got a case. Can you meet me?"_

"Yeah, just give me ten minutes."

"_I'll see you there then."_

Click.

Sara sprang out her bed and ran to her bathroom, trying desperately to shake her nightmare.

It was just a dream, it was just a dream, she continued to say to herself as she climbed into the shower.

But she couldn't shake the feeling of sick dread that had filled her stomach, forcing bile up her throat.

What if it wasn't just a dream?

End
file.